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## LITERARY.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALY.

After three weeks of incessant rain, at Midsummer, the sun shone on the town of Henley upon Thames. At first the roads were deep with mud, the grass wet, and the trees dripping; but after two unclouded days, on the second afternoon, pastoral weather commenced; that is to say, weather when it is possible to sit under a tree or lie upon the grass, and feel neither cold or wet. Such days are too rare not to be seized upon with avidity. We English often feel like a sick man escaping into the open air after a three month's confinement within the four walls of his chamber; and if an "ounce of sweet be worth a pound of sour," we are infinitely more fortunate than the children of the south, who bask a long summer life in his rays, and rarely feel the bliss of sitting by a brook's side under the rich foliage of some well-watered tree, and having been shut up week after week in our carpeted rooms, beneath our white ceilings.

The sun shone on the town of Henley upon Thames. The inhabitants, meeting one another, exclaimed: "What enchanting weather! It has not rained these two days; and, as the moon does not change till Monday, we shall perhaps enjoy a whole week of sunshine!" Thus they congratulate themselves, and thus also I thought as, with the Eclogues of Virgil in my pocket, I walked out to enjoy one of the best gifts of heaven, a rainless, windless, cloudless day. The country around Henley is well calculated to attune to gentlest modulations and rapturous emotions to which the balmy, ambient air, gave birth in my heart. The Thames glides through the grassy slopes, and its banks are sometimes shaded with beachwood, and sometimes open to the full glare of the sun. Near the spot towards which I wandered several beautiful islands are formed in the river, covered with willows, poplars and elms. The trees of these islands unite their branches with those of the firm land, and form a green archway which numerous birds delight to frequent. I entered a park

belonging to a noble mansion; the grass was fresh and green; it had been mown a short time before; and, springing up again, was softer than the velvet on which the Princess Badroulboudour walked to Aladdin's palace. I sat down under a majestic oak by the river's side; I drew out my book and began to read the Eclogue of Silenus.

A sigh breathed near me caught my attention. How could an emotion of pain exist in a human breast at such a time.—But when I looked up I perceived it was a sigh of rapture, not of sorrow. It rose from a feeling that, finding no words by which it might express itself, clothed its burning spirit in a sigh. I well knew the person who stood beside me; it was Edmund Malville, a man young in soul, though he had passed through more than half the way allotted for man's journey. His countenance was pale; when in a quiescent state it appeared heavy; but let him smile, and Paradise seemed to open on his lips; let him talk, and his dark blue eyes brightened, the mellow tones of his voice trembled with the weight of feeling with which they were laden; and his slight, insignificant person seemed to take the aspect of an ethereal substance (if I may use the expression), and to have too little of clay about it to impede his speedy ascent to heaven. The curls of his dark hair rested upon his clear brow, yet unthinned.

Such was the appearance of Edmund Malville, a man whom I revered and loved beyond expression. He sat down beside me, and we entered into conversation on the weather, the river, Parry's voyage, and the Greek revolution. But our discourse dwindled into silence; the sun declined; the motion of the flequered shadow of the oak tree, as it rose and fell, stirred by a gentle breeze; the passage of swallows, who dipt their wings into the stream as they flew over it; the spirit of love and life which seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and to cause the tall grass to tremble beneath its presence; all the objects formed the links of a chain that bound up our thoughts in silence.

Idea after idea passed through my brain;

and at length I exclaimed, why or wherefore I do not remember,—“Well, at least this clear stream is better than the muddy Arno.”

Malville smiled. I was sorry that I had spoken; for he loved Italy, its soil, and all that it contained, with a strange enthusiasm. But, having delivered my opinion, I was bound to support it, and I continued: “Well, my dear friend, I have also seen the Arno, so I have some right to judge.—I certainly was never more disappointed with any place than with Italy—that is, taken all in all. The shabby villas; the yellow Arno; the bad taste of the gardens, with their cropped trees and deformed statues; the suffocating scirocco; the dusty roads; their ferries over their uninteresting rivers, or their bridges crossing stones over which water never flows; that dirty Brenta (the New River, Cut is an Oronooko to it); and Venice, with its uncleaned canals and narrow lanes, where Seylla and Charybdis meet you at every turn; and you must endure the fish and roasted pumpkins at the stalls, or the smell—

“Stop, blasphemer!” cried Malville, half angry, half laughing, “I give up the Brenta; but Venice, the Queen of the sea, the city of gondolas and romance—”

“Romance, Malville, on those ditches?”

“Yes, indeed, romance!—genuine and soul-elevating romance! Do you not bear in mind the first view of the majestic city from Fusina, crowning the sea with Cybele's diadem? How well do I remember my passage over, as with breathless eagerness I went on the self-same track which the gondolas of the fearless Desdemona, the loving Moore, the gentle Belvidera, and brave Pierre, had traced before me; they still seemed to inhabit the places that thronged on each side, and I figured them to myself gliding near, as each dark, mysterious gondola, assed by me. How deeply implanted in my memory is every circumstance of my little voyages home from the opera each night along what you call ditches; when sitting in one of those luxurious barks, matched only by that which bore Cleopatra to her Antony, all combi-

need to raise and cherish romantic feeling.—The dark canal, shaded by the black houses; the melancholly splash of the oar; the call, or rather chaunt made by the boatmen, "Cast Ali!" (the words themselves delightfully unintelligible) to challenge any other bark as we turned a corner; the passing of another gondola, black as night and silent as death—Is not this romantic? Then we emerge into the wide expanse before the Palace of St. Mark; the cupolas of the church of Santa Maria de la Salute were silvered by the moonbeams; the dark tower rose in silent majesty; the waves rippled; and the dusky line of Lido afar off was the pledge of calm and safety. The Paladian palaces that rose from the Canale Grande; the simple beauty of the Rialto's single arch—

"Horrible place! I shall never forget crossing it—"

"Ay, that is the way with you of this world. But who among those who love romance ever thinks of going on the Rialto when they have once heard that the fish-market is held there? No place, trust an adept, equals Venice in giving "a local habitation and a name," to the restless imaginations of those who pant to quit the "painted scene of this new world—" for the old world, peopled by sages who have lived in material shape, and heroes whose existence is engendered in the mind of man alone. I have often repeated this to myself as I passed the long hours of the silent night watching the far lights of the distant gondolas, and listening to the chaunt of the boatmen as they glided under my window. How quiet is Venice! no noises; none of the hideous sounds and noises of a town. I grant that in lanes—but why talk of what belongs to every town; dirty alleys, troublesome market-women, and the mark of a maritime city, the luckless smell of fish? Why select defects, and cast from your account the peculiar excellencies of this wonderful city? the buildings rising from the waves; the silence of the watery pavement; the mysterious beauty of the black gondolas; and, not to be omitted the dark eyes and finely shaped brows of the women peeping from beneath their *fazzoletti*.

"You were three months in Italy?"

"Six, if you please, Malville."

"Well, six, twelve, twenty, are not sufficient to learn to appreciate Italy. We go with false notions of God knows what—of orange groves and fields of asphodel; we expect what we do not find, and are therefore disappointed with the reality;

and yet to my mind the reality is not inferior to any scene of enchantment that the imagination ever conjured."

"Or rather say, my friend, that the imagination can paint objects of little worth in gaudy colors, and then become enamored of its own work."

"Shall I tell you," continued Malville, with a smile, "how you passed your time in Italy? You traversed the country in your travelling chariot, cursing the postillions and the bad inns. You arrived at a town and went to the best hotel, at which you found many of your countrymen, mere acquaintances in England, but hailed as bosom friends in that strange land. You walked about the streets of a morning expecting to find gorgeous temples and Cyclopean ruins in every street in Florence; you came to some broken pillar, wondered what it could be, and laughed at the idea of this being one of the relics which your wise countrymen came so far to see; you lounged into a coffee house and read Galignani; and then perhaps wandered with equal apathy into the gallery, where, if you were not transported to the seventh heaven, I can undertake your defence no further."

"My defence, Malville?"

"You dined; you went to a conversazione, where you were neither understood nor could understand; you went to the opera to hear probably the fifty-second repetition of a piece to which nobody listened; or you found yourself in Paradise at the drawing-room of the English ambassador, and fancied yourself in Grosvenor-square."

"I am a lover of nature. Towns, and the details of mixed society, are modes of life alien to my nature. I live to myself and to my affections, and nothing to that tedious routine which makes up the daily round of most men's lives. I went to Italy young, and visited with ardent curiosity and delight all of great and glorious which that country contains. I have already mentioned the charms which Venice has for me; and all Lombardy, whose aspect indeed is very different from that of the south of Italy, is beautiful in its kind.—Among the lakes of the north we meet with alpine scenery mixed with the more luxuriant vegetation of the south. The Euganean hills in gentler beauty reminded one of the hills of our own country, yet painted with warmer colours. Read Ugo Foscolo's description of them in the first part of his "Ultime lettere di Jacopo

Ortis," and you will acknowledge the romantic and even sublime sentiments which they are capable of inspiring. But Naples is the real enchantress of Italy; the scenery there is so exquisitely lovely, the remains of antiquity so perfect, wondrous, and beautiful; the climate so genial, that a festive appearance seems for ever to invest it, mingled with the feeling of insecurity with which one is inspired by the sight of Vesuvius, and the marks which are every where manifest of the violent changes that have taken place in that of which other countries we feel most certain, good Mother Earth herself. With us this same dame is a domestic wife, keeping house, and providing with earnest care and yet pernicious means for her family, expecting no pleasure, and finding no amusement.—At Naples my fair lady tricks herself out in rich attire, she is kept in the best humor through the perpetual attentions of her constant cavaliers, she serves, the sun—and she smiles so sweetly on us that we forgive her if at times she plays the coquette with us and leaves us in the lurch. Rome is still the queen of the world,—

All that Athens ever brought forth wise,  
All that Africa ever brought forth strange,  
All that which Asia ever had of prize,  
Was here to see;—O, marvellous great change!  
Rome living was the world's sole ornament,  
And dead is now the world's sole monument.\*

"If this be true, our forefathers have, in faith! a rare mausoleum for their decay, and Artemisia built a far less costly repository for her lord than widowed Time has bestowed on his dead companion, the past; when I die may I sleep there and mingle with the glorious dust of Rome! May its radiant atmosphere enshroud these lifeless limbs, and my fading clay give birth to flowers that may inhale the brightest air."

"So I have made my voyage in that fair land, and now bring you to Tuscany. After all I have said of the delights of the south of Italy I would choose Tuscany for a residence. Its inhabitants are courteous and civilized. I confess that there is a charm for me in the manners of the common people and servants. Perhaps this is partly to be accounted for from the contrast which they form with those of my native country; and all that is unusual, by divesting common life of its familiar garb, gives an air of gala to every-day concerns. These good people are courteous, and there is much *piquance* in the shades of the distinction which they make between respect and servility, ease of address and imperti-

\* Spenser's Ruins of Rome.



nence. Yet this is little seen and appreciated among their English visitors. I have seen a country-woman of some rank much shocked at being cordially embraced in a parting scene from her cook-maid; and an Englishman think himself insulted because when, on ordering his coachman to wait a few minutes for orders, the man quietly sat down: yet neither of these actions were instigated with the slightest spirit of insolence. I know not why, but there was always something heartfelt and delightful to me in the salutation that passes each evening between master and servant.—On bringing the lights the servant always says, "*Felicissima sera, Signoria;*" and is answered by a similar benediction. These are nothings, you will say; but such nothings have conduced more to my pleasure than other events usually accounted of more moment.

"The country of Tuscany is cultivated and fertile, although it does not bear the same stamp of excessive luxury as in the south. To continue my half-forgotten simile, the earth is here like a young affectionate wife, who loves her home, yet dresses that home in smiles." In spring, nature arises in beauty from her prison, and rains sunbeams and life upon the land. Summer comes up in its green array, giving labor and reward to the peasants. Their plentiful harvests, their Virgilian threshing floors, and looks of busy happiness, are delightful to me. The balmy air of night, Hesperus in his glowing palace of sun-light, the flower-starred earth, the glittering waters, the ripening grapes, the chestnut copses, the cuckoo, and the nightingale,—such is the assemblage which is to me what balls and parties are to others. And if a storm come, rushing like an armed band over the country, filling the torrents, bending the proud heads of the trees, causing the clouds' deafening music to resound, and the lightening to fill the air with splendor; I am still enchanted by the spectacle which diversifies what I have heard named the monotonous blue skies of Italy.

"In Tuscany the streams are fresh and full, the plains decorated with waving corn, shadowed by trees and trellised vines, and the mountains arise in woody majesty behind to give dignity to the scene. What is a land without mountains? Heaven disdains a plain; but when the beauteous earth raises her proud head to seek its high communion, it adorns her in clouds, then it descends to meet her and invests her in radiant hues.

"On the 15th of September, 18—, I remember being one of a party of pleasure from the baths of Pisa to Vico Pisano, a little town formerly a frontier fortress between the Pisan and Florentine territories. The air inspired joy, and the pleasure I felt I saw reflected in the countenance of my beloved companions. Our course lay beneath hills hardly high enough for the name of mountains, but picturesquely shaped and covered with various wood.—The cicale chirped, and the air was impregnated with the perfume of flowers.—We passed the Rupe de Noce, and proceeding still at the foot of hills arrived at Vico Pisano, which is built at the extreme point of the range. The houses are old and surmounted with ancient towers; and at one end of the town there is a range of old wall, weed-grown; but never did eye behold hues more rich and strange than those with which time and the seasons have painted this relic. The lines of the cornice swept downwards, and made a shadow that served even to diversify more the colours we beheld. We returned along the same road; and not far from Vico Pisano ascended a gentle hill, at the top of which was a church dedicated to Madonna, with a grassy platform of earth before it. Here we spread and ate our rustic fare, and were waited upon by the peasant girls of the cottage attached to the church, one of whom was of extreme beauty, a beauty heightened by the grace of her motions and the simplicity of her manner. After our picnic we reposed under the shade of the church, on the brow of the hill. We gazed on the scene with rapture. 'Look,' cried my best, and now lost friend, 'behold the mountains that sweep into the plain like waves that meet in a chasm: the olive woods are as green as a sea, and are waving in the wind; the shadows of the clouds are spotting the bosoms of the hills; a heron comes sailing over us; a butterfly flits near; at intervals the pines give forth their sweet and prolonged response to the wind, the myrtle bushes are in bud, and the soil beneath us is carpeted with odoriferous flowers.'—My full heart could only sigh, he alone was eloquent enough to clothe his thoughts in language."

Malville's eyes glistened as he spoke, he sighed deeply; then turning away, he walked towards the avenue that led from the grounds on which we were. I followed him, but we neither of us spoke; and when at length he renewed the conversation, he did not mention Italy; he seemed

to wish to turn the current of his thoughts, and by degrees he resumed his composure.

When I took leave of him I said, smiling, "You have celebrated an Italian party of pleasure: may I propose an English one to you? Will you join some friends next Thursday in an excursion down the Thames? Perhaps the sight of its beautiful banks, and the stream itself, will inspire you with some of the delight you have felt in happier climes."

Malville consented. But dare I tell the issue of my invitation? Thursday came, and the sky was covered with clouds; it looked like rain. However, we courageously embarked, and within an hour a gentle mizzling commenced. We made an awning of sails, and wrapped ourselves up in boat-cloaks and shawls. "It is not much," cried one, with a sigh. "I do not think it will last," remarked another, in a despairing voice. A silence ensued. "Can you contrive to shelter me at this corner?" said one; "my shoulder is getting wet." In about five minutes another observed, that the water was trickling in his neck.—Yet we went on. The rain ceased for a few minutes, and we tethered our boat under a small cover under dripping trees; we ate our collation, and raised our spirits with wine, so that we were able to endure with tolerable fortitude the heavy rain that accompanied us as we slowly proceeded homewards up the river.

#### LETTER FROM VENICE.

BY AN ITALIAN.

It would be difficult at present to distinguish a Venetian nobleman from other Venetians, if it were not for the old and famous name which he bears, and which he, or his father, has so unworthily disgraced. It is impossible to conceive a class of men so little distinguished from the multitude, although in general placed in easy circumstances. The education of the youthful patricians, &c. in the flourishing ages of the republic, was comparatively neglected: that is to say, comparatively with regard to the progress of letters amongst other nations, and to events that have since taken place. It was, however, always sufficient to enable them to fill those stations, to which they might be appointed in the government. It aimed at making them acquainted with the laws of their country, and the duties of its different situations; carefully avoiding all studies that tend to elevate the imagination, and that, under a republican government, might lead a per-

son of a superior and ambitious mind to intrigue for an illegal supremacy. But the Venetian aristocracy having been dissipated by revolutionary storms, a constellation of talents from amongst the other classes, which had been hitherto obscured, burst forth, glowing with sudden and unexpected light. The Venetian nobleman, amongst these *new* men, seemed like one of the seven sleepers, to whom, when roused from his trance, every thing appeared novel, extraordinary, and unknown. The hope that the ancient order of things would, sooner or latter return, was nourished by him as sacredly as the spark of life itself; and its sole effect was to prevent him from making any efforts towards placing his children upon a level with existing circumstances. They became, in consequence, dispersed, and finally lost, in the mass of the people; for all the external distinctions of the nobility were abolished during the existence of the kingdom of Italy. Driven thus back on himself, the Venetian nobleman seemed now to lose even the last remains of his former vigor: he degenerated into a complete non-entity, through a tacit and unnatural isolation, which was not so much the effect of design as the consequence of his own inferiority. A mean education in the colleges, followed by the uncontrolled liberty of launching into what is called at Venice, the great world,\* must necessarily form an unworthy member of society. The general law, of the cause producing the effect, has not been deviated from in the present instance, for the Venetian nobleman of to-day is a totally lost being. The small number of young men of rank who were snatched by the conscription from this life of folly and licentiousness, lost, in the great arena of the capital, and in the vortex of wars, the rust of sloth and ignorance in which they were nursed. But, unhappily, such have been either left victims on the field of battle, or have perished through the frosts of a northern winter. The unexpected revival of the Austrian dominion has rivetted the chains of idleness and ignorance, under the weight of which the remains of this illustrious order seemed destined to sink. Although the new nobility is tolerated under this change of government, the old order is raised again; and the latter, with a feeling natural to persons in such a situation, think themselves sud-

\*That is to say, the *Cafe de Florian*, the theatres, gaming, women, and every species of dissipation, exercised without the least regard to class, family, or station, and without any other distinction than the means of expense.

dently re-endowed with a character sufficiently buoyant in itself to raise them even above the recollection of their former abject state, and before the effulgence of which their fellow citizens should instinctively bow. Thus, then, all motives of self-improvement have been annihilated, even down to that impulse of shame, which had arisen when the nobles first found themselves debased amongst the dregs of the people. This, in the end, if the Italian constitution had continued, might have overcome the prejudices and indolent habits of this ancient order; but at present, the speculative philosopher sees no prospect of redemption for this part of the Venetian population. Their numbers are but small, and they diminish daily; sometimes from the extinction of a family, and at others through disproportioned and mean alliances.

It will be anticipated from what I have said, that the life of a Venetian nobleman is passed in obscurity and indolence. From the month of November to that of June he lives habitually at Venice, and his time is in general employed, or lost, in the following manner. Soon after noon, he leaves his house for the coffee room. Here he takes his *tassa di caffè*, and from thence proceeds to pay some morning visits, or if in winter, to walk upon the quay till the hour of dinner, which is four o'clock in all good society. In summer, he lounges under the pavilions of the coffee houses; and he dines almost always alone. A Venetian nobleman very rarely gives a dinner. The evening he spends obscurely, either in sleep, or perusing the verses of the last new opera, or, in following up and arranging some intrigue. At night he again makes his appearance *al caffè*, from whence he proceeds to the theatre; he sups at the restaurateurs; and it would serve no good purpose to enquire how the remaining hours of the night are disposed of.

Early in June, he goes into the country, which signifies, in the language of a Venetian nobleman, to pass from Venice to Padua, a town in which a fair is held at that season of the year, which brings together an immense number of persons. Many Venetians have houses at this place, where they pass their time nearly in the same way as at Venice. Others have houses in distant, solitary and marshy situations, where they receive no one, and live without any luxuries of table, or equipage.

Formerly the magnificent country houses on the banks of the Brenta belonged to the nobles of Venice. But most of these

have been sold to wealthy Jews, who grew opulent and dispersed themselves during the change of government; and who likewise have become masters of most of the finest palaces of Venice itself. It is only the very lowest of the Jews who now live in the *Ghetto*, that is to say, the place to which they are all confined during the republic. Almost every man in easy circumstances amongst this race, now possesses and uses one of the superb mansions of his ancient masters.

The prince — is, in some respects, the only exception which can be cited to that general want of gentlemanly feeling amongst the Venetian nobility, which leads them to shut their houses, both in town and country, not only against strangers, but even against their fellow citizens. This person became extremely rich, in consequence of having inherited a very large fortune from his son, who had succeeded to the property of his mother, she having fallen a victim to the sorrows which her union with this harsh man produced. He afterwards became heir to a still more considerable fortune by the death of an uncle, who had been fortunate at play. He obtained this addition to his riches through the cunning of his uncle's mistress, whom afterwards he married out of gratitude. — Having obtained from the Austrians, as a recompence for the merit of being so rich, the title of prince, he has made of this woman a princess. Being smitten with the love of music, he gave concerts at his houses in town and country, which were conducted upon a liberal plan, particularly in the country; his house and table being thrown open to his guests, and the professors, who assisted at the concerts, were well remunerated. A dangerous illness, however, has put a stop to his passion for this art; and if he should recover, which his physicians consider not improbable, it is supposed that a great part of the money which was employed for the advantage of *musici*, will hereafter be expended under the direction of *monks*. In all other respects, this man does no good; he is brutal and clownish in his manners, neither beloved nor esteemed by any one. He hates men of letters but he has known how to pay his court to his new masters; and I may conclude by affirming, that this is the only thing in which a Venetian nobleman of the present day, displays either dexterity or energy.

#### MODERN ITALIAN IMPROVISATORI.

There only existed wandering minstrels and improvisatori in Germany, at the peri-



ed when Italy possessed her greatest poets ; now while Germany boasts her Goethe, Italy abounds with strolling *Musagete*, and *Improvvisatori*. It has never been found, that the noblest productions of poetry have sprung up where the soil has been cultivated by the greatest number of laborers : the muse reserves her most valuable prizes for those contests, to which but few, and select, competitors are admitted ; she does not distribute them to a promiscuous multitude thronging into her sacred groves. The Italians themselves conceive it to be a symptom of the decline of their poetry, that it has fallen into the hands of improvisatori : yet we must not confound the two classes of these. There are the street singers who undertake to produce extempore versified effusions upon any given subject, that is to recite them to music which is equally *impromptu*. But there are some of a very different description, who deliver their compositions in the *Teatro della Valle*, and at the Venetian Palace at Rome.

M. Muller, who accompanied the Baron von Sack to Italy, in 1817, with the view of proceeding to Athens, suffered himself, like another Hannibal, to be arrested by the fascinations of Italy : not that he loitered at Capua, or stopped *ante portas*, for it was Rome itself that proved the impediment to his farther progress. He takes particular notice of two improvisatori, whom he heard in that city ; Rosa Taddei ; or, according to her Arcadian title, Licori Partenopea—a girl of no more than seven years of age ; and Tommaso Sgricci of Arezzo, whose academical appellation is Terpandro.

The former gave *Academic* or poetical recitations at the *Teatro della Valle*, and the manner of these exhibitions is as follows. At the entrance into the pit, is placed a silver urn, into which every one, as he comes into the house, puts a ticket, where he has written the subject he proposes for the poetess to try her powers on. A simple melody announces her appearance ; and the urn is placed upon the stage, when a stranger draws forth a certain number of the tickets, reads the subject aloud, and then delivers them to the improvisatore. At the *Academia*, or meeting held at this theatre on the 24th of February, 1818, the following were the arguments which were drawn :—*La morte del Conte Ugolino* ; *Saffo e Faone* ; *La Morte d'Ifigenia la morte d'Edgeo* ; *il cento di Venire* ; and *Coriolano*. Previously to the commencement of her recitations, she walked several times up and down the stage ; then

mentioned a certain number to the musicians, upon which they played an air ; after several repetitions of which she at length burst forth into an apparently inspired strain on the subject of Ugolino's woes, at one time singing, at another declaiming—a style which to the Italians, who are accustomed to a *parlando* and a *recitativo secco* in their operas, might appear harmonious enough. At every new subject she called for different music ; and sometimes requested *bouts-rimes* from the audience, or asked them to propose to her the measure and form of her compositions. At the termination of each piece, she sank exhausted upon seat—a state of exaltation and inspiration being succeeded by a kind of swoon, from which, however, the applause of her hearers, and a glass of iced water, never failed to recover her.

Sgricci made his first appearance at Florence ; he afterwards recited at Venice and Milan ; and, in 1818, gave four *Academia* at the Venetian Palace in Rome. He delivers his compositions without any musical accompaniment, and possesses such copiousness and fluency of expression, combined with so much self-possession, and is moreover such a master of dramatic imitation, that he not only produces single pieces, or ballads, in which the subject and measure are given to him, but he frequently asks for tragic scenes which he immediately executes *impromptu*. On one occasion the subjects given were *Le Nozze di Amore e Psiche in terza rima* ; *La Morte di Saffo in Versi sciolti* ; and *La Morte di Socrate*, a tragedy in three acts, with chorusses.

The *Academia Tibertina* gave an entertainment in honor of this poet, at which he was presented with a gold medal. It was on this occasion that he recited *Coriolano*, a composition in blank verse, and *La Morte di Lucretia*, a tragedy in three acts, with chorusses in which he surpassed all his former productions ; and if, when transferred to paper, his poetry appear somewhat cold, such is the animation of his gesture and delivery, that he is universally esteemed in Italy as the greatest master in his art. After all, however, improvisatoreship cannot be esteemed as tending to advance poetry ; but rather to conduct it in a retrograde direction : it partakes too much of the nature of music, where the sentiment is never delineated with precision, but merely in a vague and general manner.

We should never be able to conceive how the improvisatori can enter upon a

subject with such promptitude, did we not consider that it is generally some commonplace from classical mythology and history, with a stock of which they are well provided ; it is the same with their dramatic scenes, and we may to-day hear a dying Socrates express himself with the same sentiments, and in the manner which yesterday were given to a dying Seneca. It must, however, be acknowledged, that Signor Sgricci distinguishes himself beyond all his competitors for real talent and solid acquirements.

#### KING JAMES THE FIRST.

King James the First was transmitted to posterity by the courtier-like pens of his day, as the deepest divine, most acute disputant, truly accomplished scholar, and genuine poet, this wicked world was ever blessed with—

*Pacificus doctus Jacobus Solomonque secundus.*

But a *practical* critic, one of those experienced judges of literature, the book-sellers, pronounced a very different sentence upon his majesty's performances ; a sentence, we fear, which time and experience have confirmed.

I have sent you (says the learned Thomas Lydyat, in a letter to Mr., afterwards Archbishop, Usher) the king's book in Latin, against Vorstius, yet scant dry from the press ; which Mr. Norton, who hath the matter wholly in his hands, swore to me he would not print, unless he might have money to print it ; a sufficient argument to make me content with my manuscript lying still unprinted, unless he equivocated ; but see how the world is changed ! Time was, when the best book-printers and sellers, would have been glad to be beholding to the meanest book-makers. Now Mr. Norton, not long since the meanest of many book-printers and sellers, so talks and deals, as if he would make the noble king James, I may well say the best book-maker of this his own, or any, kingdom under the sun, be glad to be beholding to him : any marvel therefore, if he think to make such a one as I am his vassal !

Poor Lydyat, the antagonist of Scaliger, the friend of prince Henry, of Chalmers, and of Usher, was then anxious to publish some additions to a most learned and elaborate treatise he had before printed, *De Emendatione Temporum* ; but we see, even in those days, booksellers knew, and exercised their power, and upon an author crowned with something more substantial than bays.

Among the various poetical rarities attributed to the peaceful monarch, neither lord Orford nor Mr. Park seems to have met with his complimentary strains, writ-

ten during a visit to his favorite Buckingham, at Barlegh; nor am I aware that they have been ever before printed.

*Feeds him by the King, when he was entertained at Barlegh, in Rutlandshire, by my L. Marquis of Buckingham, August, 1624.*

The heavens that wept perpetually before,  
Since we came hither, show their smiling face.

This goodly house it smiles, and all this store  
Of huge provision smiles upon us here.  
The bucks and staggies in fall they seem to  
Smile;

God send a smiling boy within a while,  
Potum, a Fox, and a Wolf, for the Pottery of Fer-  
tility of the Owners of this House.

If ever, in the April of my days,  
I sat upon Parnassus' forked hill,  
And there, inflamed with sacred fury still,  
By pen proclaim'd our great Apollo's praise;  
Grant, glittrous Phoebus, with thy golden rays,  
My earnest wish which I present thee here,  
Beholdings of this blessed couple deere,  
Whose virtues pure no pen can duly blaze.

Thou, by whose heat the trees in fruit abound,  
Bless them with fruit delicious, sweet and  
Faire,  
That may succeed them in their virtues rare!  
Firme plant them in their native soyle and  
ground!

Thou June! that art the only God indeed,  
My prayer heare: sweet Jesu! interceed.

These are faithfully copied from a manuscript in the Bodleian. The following are taken from a transcript in the hand writing of Camden the antiquary and topographical historian, who entitles them,

*Verses ascribed to the King's Majesty, December 9, 1618.*

Yee men of Brittain! wherefore gaze yee so  
Upon an angry star? when, as yee know,  
The sunne must turne to darke, the moone to  
bloode,

And then't will be too late for to turne good.  
Oh! be so happy then, whilst time doth last,  
As to remember Doomes day is not past.  
And misinterpret not, with vaine conceit,  
The character you see on Heauen's gate;  
Which, though it bring the world some news  
from late,

The letter's such, that no man can translate.  
And, for to guess at God Almighty's mind  
Were such a thing might cossen all mankind.  
Therefore I wish the curious man to keepe  
His rash imagination till hee sleepe:  
Then let him dreame of famine, plague and warr,  
And thinke the match with Spain hath rays'd the  
starr.

Or lett him feare that I, their prince, or minion,  
Will shortly change, or, which is worse, religion.  
And, that he may haue nothing else to feare,  
Lett him walk Pauls, and meete the Diuell there.  
Or if he be a Puritan, and 'scapes  
Jesuits scute him in their proper shapes,  
Their ielosies I would not haue bee treason  
In him whose fancy ouerrules his reason.  
Yet, to be sure he did no hurte, 'twere fitt  
He should be bound to pray for no more witt,  
Butt only to conceale his dreame, for there  
Are they that would beleue all he dares feare.

The comet to which his majesty alludes,  
appeared in the latter end of 1618, and oc-

casioned great dismay in the minds of his faithful subjects, who young and old, were faine to believe that the end of the world was coming. The panic was universal: business was every where at a stand; Paul's wal' crowded with frightened inquirers; its quire more fully attended than usual, by those who fancied they had now no time to spare: whilst reams of paper were printed with prognostications, warnings, calls to repentance, and the like; till Dr. Bainbridge, the mathematician, published a treatise calculated to give general comfort, for it went to show that the enemy so dreaded was still at a considerable distance—"as far above the moon (says he) as the moon is above the earth." That learned and discreet knight, sir Richard B. er, sagely observes, some thirty years after, "what it portended is onely known to God!" But he afterwards very positively assures us, that "the sequell of it was, that infinite slaughters and devastations followed upon it, both in Germany and other countries." King James, it seems, though he believed in witches, had not much faith in the stars.

#### A CIRCASSIAN VILLAGE.

Mr. Jack had come along with some friendly Circassians on purpose to join us at Konstantinogrosk, and to conduct us to their houses. After a drive of about four versts, we reached their village at the foot of Beshtau. It was enclosed by a paling of basket work, which, after alighting, we entered by a wicket. A number of women, miserably dressed, made their escape, but the children, almost in a state of nudity, remained for a few minutes to gaze at us. One black-eyed girl of a very dark complexion, with a few tattered clothes on her, and with a naked child in her arms, reminded us of the savages of America and India. The *Uzdeen*, or noble, who was well dressed, and very clean, conducted us past a number of wicker-work clay plastered houses, one of which was blown down the preceding night, an occurrence which is very common, and which is greatly facilitated by the lightness of the materials of which they consist, and by each standing separte from the others. Our host's wife had retreated to her own apartment, and no persuasion could induce him to present us to her. We saw and conversed however, through Mr. Jack, with his mother, an old woman, who had a dignified deportment. We were shown into a small room, with the fire place on one side, and a very low sofa, on the other, the wall being hung, not with tapestry, but with woven straw, and covered with Circassian fire-arms, swords, and poniards. This noble wished to kill a sheep for our entertainment, but as we refused to await its preparation, a small low round table,

without table-cloth, knives, forks, or plates, was covered with mollet boiled in milk, like pieces of pudding. In the centre was placed a wooden dish, containing pieces of new cheese, like curd, which had been toasted with butter and honey. At another table, his children, and some other girls, partook of the same fare, which they helped themselves to with their hands. They were all dressed in gaudy colours, and walked in high patties. They were very fine girls, and most of them had beautiful features.

We gave our host, Soliman Abazkoief, a ten rouble note, under the name of his eldest daughter. Another *Uzdeen*, or noble, Shora, who had joined us at Konstantinogrosk, and accompanied us to the village, employs himself as a *whipmaker*, and from him we bought a number of Circassian whips, for four, ten, and even fifteen roubles; those at the last price having a small dagger in the handle. All of them were remarkably well made.

As we proceeded to Karass, we could not help being amused at the component parts of our party. A Scotch priest, mounted as among his native hills, and a Circassian noble and whipmaker, mounted on his beautiful steed, rode side by side, or tried the speed of their horses, against one another, as we were whirled along by the Russian *isroschiks*, who sung with great animation. In the evening Soliman and another noble, a Nogay *mirza*, or prince, whose village was in an uproar, and who had been to complain to the military authorities at Konstantinogrosk, made us a visit, and were highly pleased with the presents we made them of English razors, as was also our faithful attendant Shora. The latter we found to be a clever, intelligent man, who both spoke and wrote Russian very well; his occupation proclaimed that he was not rich, but yet he had a noble mind, and perhaps only awaits an opportunity to distinguish himself. Mr. Jack having informed us, that he had been at different times on the point of becoming a convert to the Christian religion, and once had consented to be baptised, and then had relapsed into his Mahomedan ideas and opinions, I entered into a long conversattinn with him, and was equally surprised at his knowledge and his powerful mode of reasoning.

*Lytal's Travels in Russia.*

#### BEN JONSON.

This eccentric man was a bricklayer and a soldier, and acquired great celebrity as a dramatic writer, with the assistance of his friend Shakspeare. At the accession of James I. he had the honor of preparing the device for the entertainment of the king, in his passage from the Tower to Westminster Abbey. In 1621, he was appointed poet laureat, when the annual salary of 100 marks was raised to 100*l*. He died in 1637, and on his grave-stone, in Westminster Abbey, is the following short inscription:—  
"On, rare Ben Jonson!"



## POETRY.

FOR THE GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

## DEATH OF THE ROBBER CAPTAIN.

Donna Inez, daughter of the Marquis de la Mar-  
vin, was betrothed to Don Pedro de Guzman, but  
more splendid offers being made the avaricious  
Marquis, he forbade his daughter to think more  
of Don Pedro, but prepare to secure another as  
her future husband. Don Pedro in despair  
joined a band of robbers, and on the day ap-  
pointed for solemnizing the nuptials of Inez,  
attacked the bridal train, and succeeded in  
fetching her off, though himself was mortally  
wounded in the encounter.

## ANCIENT ROMANCE.

Deep in the cavern's awful shade,  
Where the dim pine-torch flick'ring play'd  
Upon the rocks around:

The Robber Captain struggling lay,  
His life blood welling fast away  
From many a ghastly wound;

O'er him bent a lovely maid,  
In all the bloom of youth array'd;  
And round on either side  
His hellish crew, their murd'rous brands,  
Dark gleaming in their savage hands,  
In clotted purple dy'd.

The robber raised him on his hand,  
And faltering said unto his band,  
"Oh comrades brave I die!

But ere I go, mark what I say,  
And I command ye to obey!  
Though death has closed mine eye.

"Ye all do know proud Marvin's towers,  
Its fairy banks and green-wood bowers.

Oh quickly speed ye there!  
And down beside its bannered walls,  
Just as the gloom of twilight falls  
Place this injured fair.

"Now Inez dear thy last embrace,  
And press thy lips unto my face,  
And give thy warming breath;  
Oh that a father's stern decree  
Should bring on us such misery,  
And last of all my death."

K.

Portland.

## WITH A LAMPE FOR MIE LADIE FAIRE.

• *The Spirite of the Lampe—lequitur.*

Ladie! in the silente houre,  
Whene the dewe is onne the flowere,  
Ande the eveninge's coronette  
In the purplinge waues is wette.  
Ande the little starres doe sleepe,  
Like shippes becalmed, alonge the deepe.  
Thenne,—the Spirite of the Lampe,—  
I quite in joye mie heauenly campe,  
On slyerie winges of Moonbeames ride,  
And bende at mie sweete Ladie's side.

'Tis my watchinge rounde this bowerre,  
Thaite soc swifte dothe speede the houre.  
Nighte may veile the Heauenne aboue  
Splendoure shalle be rounde mie Loue;

From her beautie glitteringe farre,  
Like the lustre of a starre.

Virgine—life this hazelle eye!  
Noc—'tis yette—Mortalitie;  
Ande its untranslatedde blaze  
Muste not on a spirite gaze.  
But looke upponne this Lampe, Virgine!  
There mie outwarde forme is seene:  
There, withinne its cristalle celle  
Dwelles he, who in this hearte woulde dwelle.

In livinge flame he sittes, alle care,  
Wooinge the voice he loves to heare,  
Sees Heauenne arounde this beautie's bloome,  
And foldes, for ever foldes, his plume.

## LINES TO ————

Would you know what girl must be  
My heart's adored society?  
Come sit with me, and o'er our wine,  
I'll paint to thee this girl of mine.

Her lips, dear coz!—I must commence  
With those sweet flowers of soul and sense!—  
Her lips,—you see, dear coz—you see  
This deep and blushing Burgundy!  
Well. Somewhat lighter, but more rich,  
Are the red lips of my white witch!  
Her forehead—I am not the man  
To call upon the stainless swan,  
Or liken it to shedded snow,  
Caught in the air, ere fallen below;  
Her forehead is a warmed white  
Of hue—as soft, as mellow: bright  
As the faint leaf of a young rose,  
That blushes not, yet dimly glows!  
I do not care—you laugh!—I swear,  
Dear coz, in sooth I do not care  
Whether girls' eyes be dark or light,  
So that their lashes, long and slight,  
Fall shadowy over eyes that seem  
The starlight of a lover's dream!  
Perceance, since truth is now my track,  
Her eyes are rather dark, not black;  
Just deeper than the brows above,  
Drawn by the fairy hand of love!

I swear I know not how to speak  
Honestly, coz, of her dear cheek!  
It varies so, that while I write,—  
It may be red, it may be white!  
You gaze on it—and through its pale  
And precious hue, there will prevail  
A flush, a lustre, like the dawn  
Of a rich, cloudless, July morn!

And then her tresses, parted, glance  
Over her natural countenance,—  
And die in careless curls,—or share  
With her sweet dress, her shoulders fair—  
Fair—fair as lilies that for ever  
Whiten upon a lonely river!  
I care not if a peaked hand  
Cloy the stray curls (when they are fann'd  
By the fond air, over the brow)  
To cluster them—and leave them so.

Well—what her shape? Not short, nor tall!  
Deer-like in step,—so that the fall  
Of her light foot seem chance work all!  
A modest dress—nay, do not smile!  
A heart to match with it the while,  
A voice so sweet it leaves a tone  
That echoes when the breast's alone!  
A cheerful mind—a temper too  
Smooth as her thoughts, and all as true!  
There, coz, you have the girl for me,  
So fill, and pass the Burgundy.

## SONNET.

It is not that she moveth like a queen,  
(Although her graceful air I must admire;)  
Nor that her eye shoots forth the falcon's fire,  
(And yet her gentle glance is bright and keen:),  
Perhaps Diana's hair had scarcely been  
Thus braided; nor the voice of choiring bird  
Entirely thus in old times, sweetly heard,  
When that great huntress trod the forests green.

What matter's this? To me her eye is fill'd  
With radiant meaning, and her tones are clear  
And soft as music, a sweet soul betraying;  
And o'er her flushing cheek (ah! sensitive child!)  
Beautiful pain is seen, too often, playing,  
As though to say, "perfection dwells not even  
here."

## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20.

*The Revolutionary Army.*—Mr. Burgess of Rhode-Island, the eloquent advocate of the abused veterans of the Revolution, has made a powerful appeal to the house of representatives in their behalf. We are glad to see one man of talents in our national hall, possessed of generous feelings, and virtuous principles on this subject, a subject, dear to every man of filial piety and honorable heart. But will he succeed? Look at the melancholy cloud which hung over the death-bed of Jefferson; look at the prison-house of Robert Morris, the penury of Stark, and the starvation of St. Clair! "Prosperity fills the heart till she makes it hard," says the Arabian proverb; calamity must come, and it will come, to teach America that ingratitude and injustice are sins. The time will come when battles must be fought to protect her, and the gallant and the heroic may take warning from the fate of these neglected warriors, and refuse their services to a government which will scindale them out of their pay, and insult them in their old age.

We have only room for two extracts from the impressive and eloquent appeal of the representative from Rhode-Island.

"Permit me, sir, to request each gentleman of this committee to look at this provision for the survivors of this army, and then to look at the kind, the amount, and the manner of their payment. In what country or age of the world, in modern times, was ever before this, such an army kept in the field five years, at a current expense of little more than \$2,000,000? Place over against this sum, in the fiscal accounts of the nation, the \$120,000,000 expended in the three

years' war of 1-12, and in the immense difference of these two sums you will be enabled, as if aided by a glass, to catch some faint outline of those times, when a revolutionary soldier fought your battles for 60 shillings per month, and while travelling home paid \$75 for a dancer. Examine the account. A fearful balance will be found standing against the nation in the forum of conscience. Wipe it off, I pray of you, sir, by passing the provisions of this bill to our credit in that ever-during tribunal. Suffer not the impartial adjudications of history to be there recorded against you. You all must recollect the self-devotion of that young hero of Palestine, who, though fainting with thirst, yet refused to taste the water of his native spring presented to him by three of his youthful warriors, because they had put their lives in their hands, and cut their way through the enemy's camp to obtain it. 'As God liveth, it is your blood,' exclaimed the generous chieftain. I may not drink of it. This money in our treasury is, sir, the blood of these men. Give it back to them. It will not prosper in our hands.

"At the last great national festival of independence, the first jubilee of our country, why were these men, by a kind of simultaneous sentiment, 'beating in every pulse through' the nation, called out to assist at the solemnities, and to partake of the joys and festivities of the day?—Was this done, sir, merely to tantalize their hopes; or was it done to assure them, that already the voice of the people had awarded to them this provision, and that they were only to wait until the forms of law had given efficacy to this award; until the recorded enactments of their representatives in Congress had embodied and promulgated this great voice of the people?"

"Sir, the character of your bestowment on La Fayette depends on the fate of this measure.—Make this provision for the remainder of your Revolutionary Army, and this and that will for ever stand on the page of history as illustrious deeds of national gratitude. Send away these, his meritorious brothers in arms; to 'beg their bread through realms their valor saved,' and your gift to that illustrious foreigner will, in the eyes of other nations, and of posterity, serve only to purchase for you the character of a poor and a pitiful ostentation."

*Dramatic.*—Dimond's opera of "Native Land" has met with decided and deserved success at the Park Theatre. We have never seen the fascinating Mrs. Knight appear to more advantage than in *Celio*. In addition to her delightful song, she pleases by her sprightly and animated acting. There is an amiability, a *naïveté*, and an intelligence in the deportment of this lady, which cannot but attract every beholder. Her song is unaffected and natural, and in defiance of the *ad-sensibile* fashion of the day, we make bold to say (heaven pardon our presumption!) that we love natural and unaffected music, for the simple reason that we can understand it.

Much of the strength of the Park company is cast in "Native Land." Mrs. Hackett and Mrs. Sharpe, Barnes, Barry, Hilson and Richings, all have parts in this opera, and all perform them well.

We are gratified to see the manager affording scope to the talents of the modest, intelligent and lady-like Mrs. Sharpe. "She is a sweet songstress

and a pleasing actress, and we are glad to see her appreciated as she ought to be.

Thus much in just praise of the Park Theatre—now for a little fruit-finding. Where, in the name of Terpsichore did the manager pick up his *corps de ballet*? Feet like squashes, and shapes like beer-barrels, are the diagnosis of the major part, and St. Vitus himself, who has not worth up early graceful, would have been as astounded of them as Falstaff was of his soldiers. Mrs. Conway is the only one amongst them that can claim unqualified praise; and she is a graceful and elegant dancer. Her motion is easy, and the carriage of her body becoming. Her husband is also a good dancer, but more active than graceful. There are too many flourishes, too many twistings and turnings in his motion. These display execution and muscular power, but they are any thing but graceful. As for the rest of the *corps de ballet*, they ought to be thrown into the lake Asphal-tites.

*Translated from the German, for the N. Y. Literary Gazette.*

#### THE FAITHFUL DOG.

In the year fifteen hundred eighty-two, Baron Zollikofer was appointed ambassador of the Swiss Confederacy to renew their treaty with Henry the Third. He left his favorite dog Fidelis with his wife, ordering her to keep him chained for the first fortnight after his departure, which was scrupulously adhered to. During the time of his confinement, the dog was very melancholy, and would hardly take any food; but when he was released he manifested his joy in every possible manner, and began immediately to search every corner of the house and premises. A few hours afterward, he was missing altogether, to the no small surprise and anxiety of Madame Zollikofer, who, knowing how fond her husband was of this dog, sent messengers in all directions to find him if possible, as every one thought it ridiculous to suppose Fidelis would be able to follow his master to Paris, a distance of several hundred miles. But just at the time when Zollikofer was introduced at the court, on his first audience, a dog came into the room, to the manifest surprise of all who were present, and quite overcome with joy he caressed Zollikofer in every possible way, and would not be separated from him again. It was Fidelis.

The king who was surprised at this singular occurrence, asked the cause of it, and being told, he exclaimed; 'If the dogs of Switzerland are so faithful, what may I not expect from its inhabitants.'

Fidelis was the subject of every discourse, and all Paris was desirous to see the Swiss and his dog. This Baron Zollikofer was the founder of one of the most illustrious families in Switzerland: and even at this day you meet with many wonderful traditions among the inhabitants of St. Gallen, about him and his dog Fidelis.

*Revolutionary Anecdote.*—The hardships that were experienced, the dangers that were under-

gone, and the sacrifices of fortune and of personal interest that were made, by the illustrious men who distinguished themselves by supporting our Revolutionary War; by advocating principles of liberty; asserting the equal rights of man, and contending for our national sovereignty, have perpetuated their memories, and identified their histories with that of their country. The revolutionary war is a theme upon which the American citizen is fond to dwell; and the remembrance of the heroic and disinterested service of the warriors and sages is dear to him, as evidencing the worth, firmness, intelligence and patriotism of those whom he is proud to denominate his countrymen. Every anecdote relating to that eventful epoch, and every exhibition of individual usefulness, should be carefully preserved from oblivion. It is an act of justice to the dead; it is the partial payment of a great debt of gratitude by the living.

On a time, during the revolutionary war, when the most ardent friends of liberty were apprehensive of the result; when the American army was reduced to a few hundred men; when this little band of patriots were suffering for want of clothing and of food; when the national credit was so low that the continental bills had depreciated 99 per cent. and when discontent prevailed, and mutinous threats were heard, it was principally owing to the patriotism of one man that our difficulties were removed, and our affairs placed in such a train as to restore the hopes of that portion of America who had espoused the cause of liberty and republican independence. George Clinton, the Governor of New-York, while in the city of New-York, received a visit from Gen. Washington, who desired a private conversation, and observing that no one was within hearing, he cautiously locked the door. He then stated the condition of the army; that disbandment was threatened, and that he apprehended it, unless some relief was devised, and their arrearages of pay liquidated. Money was wanting, and money must be procured. The sum required was a considerable amount in specie. He suggested the possibility of obtaining it from persons on Long-Island, who were secretly friends to the American cause, but from timidity or some other reason were avowedly royalists, or tories. He then concluded with an appeal to Governor Clinton's patriotism, assuring him that money could only be obtained upon good individual security; and as he was generally known to be a man of property, he would unquestionably be enabled to obtain the necessary amount by pledging his personal responsibility for the payment of it. Gov. Clinton assented to the proposal, and it was determined he should trust to confidential agents the collection of this money; and that the commander in chief should on some pretence or other, for the purpose of facilitating movements, order an American regiment of light-horse, then stationed on the Island, to New-Haven. This was accordingly done, and Williams and Cornell, the two agents, after receiving their instructions, commenced their expedition, professing themselves to-



ries, and disguised as pedlars. They were both natives of Long-Island, and were always acquainted with those with whom they intended to communicate. They were perfectly aware that whatever might be transacted between them, it was the interest of both to conceal, until a proper period for explanation, and the development should arrive. They were provided with promissory notes drawn by George Clinton, and made payable on demand at 5 per cent. interest, with blanks for the sum and date. The agents procured the money in gold and silver with considerable difficulty, and transported it safely to headquarters. It immediately relieved the distresses of the army, and calmed the apprehensions of the commander in chief.

#### REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

On the 8th of October, 1777, Sir Henry Clinton wrote the following letter to Burgoyne.

*Fort Montgomery, Oct. 8, 1777.*

"*Nous y voila, and nothing between us but Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th Sept. by C. C., I shall only say I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.*

Faithfully yours,

H. CLINTON."

This letter was intercepted, and is now in the possession of George Clinton Tallmadge, Esq.—it was taken from Daniel Taylor, enclosed in a small silver ball of an oval form, and of about the size of a fusée bullet, and shut with a screw in the middle. When he was taken and brought before the American commanding officer (Gen. George Clinton) he swallowed the ball, but a strong emetic being administered to him, the ball was soon produced. Yet Taylor had the address, though closely watched, to conceal the ball a second time. But upon being threatened with immediate death, and informed that one Captain Campbell, another messenger on the same business, was taken prisoner, he reluctantly brought it forth.

#### IDLE HOURS.

Human life has been whimsically, yet not inaptly, compared to the "Flying Horse," as we term the revolving wheel with seats suspended. "Now we go up, and now we go down, and now we go round," is the children's song, whilst amusing themselves with this pastime. This humble song is the history of human life.—Man ascends and descends, is whirled with more or less velocity, as chance or circumstance determines, till Death lays his hand on the wheel, and the poor pastime is over.

What a picture does the son of Sirach draw of the lot of man. "Their imagination of the things to come, and of the day of death, trouble their thoughts and cause fear of heart, from him that sitteth upon a throne of glory unto him that is humbled in earth and ashes. Wrath and envy, trouble and unquietness, fear of death, and anger and strife. A little or nothing is his rest, and af-

terwards he is in his sleep as in a day of keeping watch troubled in the vision of his heart, as if he were escaped out of a battle."

This is a sad and melancholy portraiture of the destiny of man, and the inspiration which painted it, is considered apocryphal. But the eye which has watched the events of life, will recognise them in the dark yet eloquent picture of the son of Sirach.

*Brian Borhoime.*—This drama has been long in preparation at the Chatham Garden Theatre, and will be produced on Monday next with much splendor; it has been got up at a very large expense, and we hope our citizens will not be backward in rewarding the exertions of the manager. We think there is not an Irishman who will not patronise this drama, which represents the hero of Clentarf, and the manner and actions of his ancestors, whose valor saved the Emerald Isle from the Danish yoke.

*Sylla.*—This tragedy has met with some success: the language is sometimes nervous, but seldom poetic. Like all the French dramas, it is in strict conformity with the unities, but possessing little incident and still less plot. Sylla is the only interesting character, in which M. Jouy had Napoleon in his mind; and Talma, in his personation, imitated the emperor both in dress and gesture: this gave it powerful claims on the French, and it was long received with the most enthusiastic applause: but on an American audience it has no such claims, and we doubt much if it will ever become a stock play.

We can say nothing of the merits of the translation, the tragedy not being yet published. We learn, however, that it is in the press, and when issued, we may at some future period compare it with the original, and "by the authority of office," pass our verdict.

*Signorina Garcia.*—The most splendid and fashionable audience that we have seen for many years, were present at the New-York theatre on Monday evening last, to welcome the sweetest songstress that has ever been in our country, in her *debut* in the character of Count Belino.

We do not hold ourselves as critics in music, but if the pleasure derived from a melodious voice and astonishing execution, be proofs of perfection in the science of music, we must join in the train of the Signorina's warmest admirers.

We were not so devotedly attached to the Italian opera, as many were, or pretended to be, but often wished for an exhibition (to our humble conception) more intelligible. We are indebted to the enterprising manager of the New-York for the gratification of this wish, and we must confess that we were more delighted with even one English song of the Signorina, than we were before with an entire Italian opera. We were particularly pleased, nay charmed, with "Like the gloom of night retiring," and "William Tell," in our opinion, songs more difficult in the execution than any of the others selected for the occa-

sion. We were anxious to hear them encored, as was the wish of the majority of the audience; but some, fearful to trespass on the Signorina's exertions, objected to this. We are well aware the bills did not promise they should be sung more than once, and on ordinary occasions we are much opposed to encores, yet it is *after all*, the truest test of the satisfaction of an audience, and the best mode of giving applause.

We were pleased with the Signorina's conception of Count Belino: in many passages, she showed much nerve and power, which received the warmest approbation from all parts of the house. In her pronunciation, the Signorina has just sufficient foreign accent to make her tones agreeable. It is indeed astonishing to find a lady of foreign birth and education, so perfect in the English language.

The managers deserve much credit for bringing this sweet songstress before the public, and we are most happy to find they have thus far, and are likely to be, fairly remunerated for the extra expense on this occasion.

The following is one of the sweetest songs of the fascinating Mrs. Knight. The words are taken from "Lilian of the Vale," a fairy legend.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!  
Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!  
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!  
O'er red rose and lily fair,  
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!  
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!  
Where the honeysuckle creeps,  
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!  
With its kisses on my lips.

On our last page will be found the advertisement of Doctor Chambers. With a laudable generosity, this valuable remedy for the most pernicious of all habits, is administered gratuitously to the poor. From the evidence which has been laid before us by persons whom Doctor C. has cured, we are thoroughly satisfied that this remedy is certain and effectual. A person who has for many years been in the constant practice of intemperance, has been perfectly restored to sobriety, and his wife states that he is gaining health and strength daily, and that he has an utter aversion to spirituous liquors. There is now a remedy for the alarming evil which has been spreading for years like a baleful pestilence over our land, sapping the strength of the body, and darkening the light of the mind. Every philanthropist will hail this discovery with unmingled pleasure.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I was mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following:

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
That has survived the fall!

Cowper, to be sure, never was married in *propria persona*: but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing tea urns, and evening walks, not to mention fire-places and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentism* against any two in Euclid: the one is, that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half-finished nearly half a century,) it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss: married Jenima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram-street, Russell-square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine to be not a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couples should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs. Malaprop: old ones sometimes end with not a little; but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—benedicts have nothing to do with the laws of hymen, but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She studied "The Task" on a bench in the High-street, and I read "Alexander Selkirk" on the Well Walk. Long before the expiration of the period of our allotted banishment from town, I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

③ solitude, where are the charms

That Savages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which shewed that I felt what I read. On our arrival in Coram-street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bride cake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jenima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing

at the outset, but your relations have been very niggardly in returning the compliment. I think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it: Mr. George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr. William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent Road, Mr. Aeneas Bradshaw in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morning-lane, Hackney, and Mrs. Agathy Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fulham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom: dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr. George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first personage on the visiting list. From him I learned that the street called Old Bethlem, was newly christened Liverpool-street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield-street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucis a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either;) that Bethlem Hospital was removed to St. George's Fields; and that there was a brick of London-wall now left atanding. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs. George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it in a detached portion of my plate. I sat at table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre. The Paragon in the Kent Road next opened its semi-circular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner table of Mr. William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were thus far rather at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr. Aeneas Bradshaw, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr. Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and

walked with an air of considerable sagacity: his politeness too was exemplary: he ventured to hope I was in good health: he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram-street: he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house: but he must take leave to be permitted to hint, that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr. Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete: Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr. Secretary Peel was a capital affair: but still, with great deference, he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr. Aeneas Bradshaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to apply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs. Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bridecake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram-street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green-street, Grosvenor-square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last-mentioned visit, the house maid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing;" so saying, I opened one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:

"The sound of the church-going bell

These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks. The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews now took their turn to request the honor of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the Soldier's



Dream ; of "Oh, how sweet is the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation! Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane.—Indeed the conversation at table strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked of but the shameful height to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gass-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried a third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks :—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a seconder of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that, as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away, I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them : that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection : that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice ; and therefore, that I saw no great objection to taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared similar disturbance ; and Mrs. Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homerton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail, her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied ; but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitehall Club, I pulled for dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fulham. The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg ; the servant-maid crammed my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum : and—there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master.—But when Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices

of self-love, by occupying our ears with her "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions," shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers : reminding us that her father, the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leather-seller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the trees of whose mansion waved suddenly in our view : that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve, the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the said late B. B. : and that she, the said Agatha, to answer to a question as to the second series of Saying and Doings, "read very little English," I could not but mutter to myself, "Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the stream of the same river?"

So much for my wife's relations ; and for aught I know, the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the back-ground. It is all very well for my wife : she is made much of : dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right-hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as a bride ; whilst I, as a bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed, *sans ceremonie*, at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper's Works as I used to be. "Domestic Happiness" (if every married body's is like mine,) may have "*survived* the Fall," but it has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a-year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand :) and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soap-boiler's vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last : perhaps when my aunt Edwards' Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time "the grass grows." I say nothing : but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present soother of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form : "Wanted a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence."

#### EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAGAZINE AT DANTZIC.

On Wednesday, the 5th of Dec. 1815, about nine o'clock in the morning, the remaining gunpowder, consisting of about 60 cwt. besides the filled bombs and shells, were to be removed from the powder magazine close to the rampart, within the city, near St. Jame's Gate. For this purpose, twelve cannoneers, a subaltern officer, and an artificer, went into it, when just as the last man was going in, (as it is reported,) the magazine blew up. The effect of the explosion was dreadful ; those who lived at a distance, took it for an earthquake, for the doors and windows flew open, the household furniture was thrown down, and the bells, set in motion by the pressure of the air, rang of themselves ; the hissing of the balls confirmed the idea that it was an earthquake, but the true cause was soon discovered by the balls that flew in the remote parts of the city, and the lamentations of the wounded. A third part of the city, precisely that inhabited by the poorer class, between six and seven hundred houses ; the churches of St. James and St. Bartholomew, the Schusseldam, the market place, the Pfeifferstadt and the adjacent streets have particularly suffered. Corpses, which from mutilation and dust, were hardly recognised as human, lay in heaps around, and were envied by the half living, who, with their limbs crushed, and howling with pain, endeavored to crawl from underneath the ruins. Those who had escaped with moderate wounds were asking, of digging, with their face and hands covered with blood, which the cold made to freeze upon them, after their friends and their property. There lay, still convulsed, the torn members of a human body. A mother lamented over three children whom she missed ; the children were found, but none of them were alive. Almost more shocking was the sight in a long street leading to the powder magazine, which served as a market-place for the country people who came here with little sledges loaded with wood from Cassuben. It happened to be market time. Twenty of these poor people lay crushed under the horses and oxen, which were likewise crushed, and under their overturned sledges. Round the stump of a lamp-post was a horse, whose bones was broken, twisted round like a cord. The instances of miraculous escapes are many. Some people were saved merely by the falling beams, &c. forming a kind of an arch over them. The extent of the damage may be conceived, from the circum-

stance, that for the distance of above half a league round the magazine, in every direction, it rained, as one may say, balls, bombs, shells, cannister shot, pieces of brick-work, &c. The number of the killed and wounded is between 300 and 400, that of the houses damaged 600 or 700, and the loss sustained not to be made good for half a million of dollars.

#### MIDNIGHT TERRORS.

A person in 1812, carrying from the east coast of Fife a hundred rabbits, to occupy a warren in the western islands, hired a room for them for the night at an inn at Cupar, and putting them into it, and giving them greens and food, he shut the door; and having refreshed himself, went to bed. A gentleman arrived just afterwards, who had supper and went to bed, which happened to be in the room contiguous to the rabbits, but he knew nothing of their being there. About the middle of the night, and in the midst of his sleep, the door between his room and the rabbits not being locked, a gale of wind arising, the door suddenly opened, and the whole of the rabbits rushing from their own room, ran into the gentleman's, some running over his face, hands and other parts of the body, both above and below the bed, and many of them seeking for shelter under the blankets. The gentleman, awaking suddenly, was much alarmed, and roared out for help, but none appeared. Their keeper was asleep, as well as every one else in the house. Thinking himself surrounded by a thousand evil spirits, which he found before, behind, and around him, he at length found the door, and ran down stairs naked, in the dark.—The rabbits, as much afraid as the gentleman, followed him, were down stairs before him; and it was not many minutes before the whole house was in an uproar. When the candle was lighted nothing appeared. The rabbits had dispersed, and hid themselves in different parts of the house. Hungary waters, spirits, &c. were brought to recover the gentleman; and it was not till the rabbit man appeared, and found his rabbits gone, that he could comprehend what had happened.

#### SUPERSTITION THE BEST DOCTOR.

The eldest daughter of a French lady residing in Bouverie-street, has been afflicted with a most severe and excruciating nervous complaint for the period of eighteen months. When she attempted to leave her bed, the depending posture of the legs produced the greatest agony in the stomach and bowels; and after the attempt, she would lie for several hours suffering under acute

hysterical flatulence, distention, and violent headache. In short, her agony was extreme, and she became completely bed-ridden. She was constantly bedewed with clammy perspirations, her face was exanguine, her body emaciated. The most eminent physician in this city attended this young lady; by expostulations and entreaties he endeavored to rouse her to exertion—by medicines and diet to correct the deranged state of the human system; but to no purpose. Six days after his last visit he received a long letter from this young lady, stating her self to be perfectly recovered. She had written to Prince Hohenlohe.—He ordered her to say mass three, and pray for him; at the same time he would pray for her, and after the third mass she would be restored to perfect health. The attempts to kneel down at the two first masses were prevented by the tortures usually experienced upon trying to quit her bed. Dread and apprehension lest she should lose the chance of recovery, enabled her to perform genuflexion at the third mass, though her attempts to quit her bed were equally excruciating. She rose quite well from her last devotions.

#### TIME.

Slow roll—swift fleet—the years. How heavily  
The hours, leaden-paced, drag on the day's dull  
chain  
From grey morn till the glowing western main  
Receive the weary sun-god from the sky!  
—And yet the seasons vanish. Infancy,  
Childhood, and youth are melted, as the strain  
Of breath, that dimming the bright air, again  
Fades in the resolution of a sigh.  
—Now manhood strays:—nay goes!—Now  
wiser Hope  
Leads justlier measured toils to issues meet:  
Tasks of ripe strength,—births of the thoughtful  
head.  
Now the tried spirit eyes the well-chosen scope  
Toward which she onward strains untiring feet:  
—And see!—that glance of lightning, LIFE,—  
has fled.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A simple remedy has been discovered, which effectually cures habitual drunkards and tipplers, and renders them totally adverse to spirituous potations in any shape. A considerable number, who have derived lasting benefit from the medicine offered, stand ready to corroborate, with the most conclusive testimony, what is here publicly avowed, with regard to the efficacy of the remedy. Their names will hereafter be deposited with the editor, to whom, in due season, reference will be made, leaving to his delicacy and discretion to communicate them to those who may apply for information, or to state the facts concerning their former habits. This remedy will be administered gratis to those who are in indigent circumstances.

All orders, postpaid, will be promptly attended to, by addressing the application to Dr. Chambers, Agent, at the Medical Store, at the corner of Broadway and Broome-street, New-York, where the medicine is sold. Jan. 13.

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